

## The Evening World.

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## BRING THEM UNDER THE LAW.

**T**HE action of the Public Service Commission in disregarding a city law and permitting the Westcott Express Company to fix its own tariff for motor cab service from the Grand Central Station and certain ferry terminals ought to have good results.

It should call the attention of the public and of the Board of Aldermen to the incongruity and injustice of depriving people who arrive at railway or ferry terminals of the protection and rates which go with city licensed taxicabs.

It is disgraceful that a stranger seeking a taxicab at a New York terminal should be hustled into a meterless cab and charged a zone rate under the impression that he is taking a regularly licensed taxicab.

Neither the "private property" argument nor the coveted sanction of the Public Service Commission can stand against the fact that these terminal cabs as much as any cabs in the city, should be licensed and regulated under the municipal law.

Now is the time for the Aldermen to insist that there shall be no divided authority over taxicab service and taxicab operators in this city. New York has the best taxicab ordinance of any city in the country. Every cab that carries passengers for hire should be required to comply with the law.

The present railway terminal cab is not a taxicab at all. It skulks outside the law and it imposes upon the public.

Col. Roosevelt complains that Germany has given no redress. Does ex-President Roosevelt recall that Panama over got any?

## WHY?

**T**WO letters were recently forwarded to the Department of Commerce by its special agent at Colon, Panama. Both had been received by an established business house of excellent reputation in that city following a fire from which Colon suffered last May.

One letter, from an English firm, expressed at length the hope that the fire had caused no serious embarrassment, congratulated the Colon house on its ability to weather all storms, and cordially assured it of as much extension of credit as it might need.

The other letter was from an American firm. It ran: "Dear Sir—Owing to war conditions we are compelled to curtail our lines of credit and the terms in future will be—what practically amounted to 'cash.'"

How far are methods and manners of this sort holding back American trade from new markets and new customers? European competitors, handicapped as they are, have little to fear from American concerns who do business in this style.

Markets all over the world beckon this country to establish permanent channels of commerce more valuable to us and our future than all the war orders Europe could send us in a century. It is upon steady industries and steady trade that our prosperity in the next few years must depend.

Returning from Europe, Otto T. Bannard, President of the New York Trust Company, warns us:

In two years there will be a universal cataclysm which will strike this nation as badly as it hits Europe. Two years from now the United States will suffer with the rest of the world through the destruction of capital.

This country can withstand all shocks if it will set to work to broaden its foundation of permanent production and trade. But it must throw off its handicaps.

Why must our shipping develop in spite of our laws? Why should American commerce in foreign countries have to make headway against the stupidity and bad manners of its own merchants?

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

If a home conscience fund were established how it would help out family expenses.

People usually find it easier to pay a duty to society than to pay one to humanity.—Deseret News.

Half a loaf is better than a whole loaf.—Nashville Banner.

These are the days when the flower of the flock sits on the porch while the poor little weed mows the kitchen.

Don't envy your neighbor until you find out how much of a battle he has to run the show.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The man who wanted the other fellow to remain neutral is still doing most of the talking.

A young man may never have smoked or chewed tobacco and still have the bad habit of boasting of his virtues.—Tulsa Blade.

Not infrequently a man who is called a fool succeeds in getting better value for the money from which he parts, than do some of those who profess to despise him for their.

Careless buying adds much to the cost of living.—Albany Journal.

The slave to fashion never dictates the fashions.

Often the test of friendship is the "touch".—Deseret News.

## Letters From the People

**A Suffrage Answer.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to inform a correspondent that the Suffrage Party does not consist only of married women. In fact, more than half its members are business women who are self-supporting and who desire some power in making the laws which govern them. This is not 1776, when fainting was the style. Woman no longer needs a man's arm to lean upon. She is independent. Of course, there are a few exceptions, but it takes all kinds to make a world.

**BUSINESS GIRL SUFFRAGETTE.**

**As to Late Hours.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

"B," a boy of fifteen, writes asking readers' advice as to how late he should be allowed to stay out at night. Regarding "B's" request, I would say that I, as a twenty-three-year-old reader, would advise him to get indoors shortly after sundown. However, one can stay on one's own stoop in warm weather until 9.30, which I claim is late enough for a lad of fifteen to remain up. Should he visit a chum's house and stay until 9.30, providing there is no party at home, in which case 12 o'clock would be my limit, thus insuring sufficient sleep for the next day's under-

## Victory!

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**E**STRANGLER readers of this thrilling serial will remember the Jarr family are en route for a happy day at the seashore.

Little Mary and Johnnie Bunkle and Master Izzy Slavinsky, neighbors' children, are along and Gertrude, the light running domestic, formed the rear guard. A pleasant time in store for all was indicated by the fact that the Jarr children and their little friends had prematurely taken the first street car that came along, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Jarr to pursue in the next. And in the meanwhile, so to speak, Gertrude, returning to the flat for a forgotten umbrella (and carrying the basket of lunch) had lashed herself to the mast, unwittingly, by having caught her dress, which hooks behind, in the door behind her.

A fond mother's anxiety was set at rest when the conductor of the first car halted that conveyance and ejected the Jarr children and their little friends for non-payment of fare.

Mrs. Jarr gathered them into their car, and in the consequent excitement forgot Gertrude. But Gertrude, lashed to the mast, tore herself loose and hastened to join the party. There was no time for repairs, so Gertrude borrowed hurriedly a light coat somewhat gaudy shawl from the janitress and hastened on her way. She arrived in due time at the gay resort by the seaside.

Doubtless Gertrude would have had no trouble finding the excursion party at the first merry-go-round, had not a young lady from the east side called the attention of her escort to Gertrude's odd appearance with a green and red shawl over her shoulders.

"Pipe the ballyhoo!" exclaimed the irrepressible young lady from the east side. "I didn't think they rubbed the streets any more. I thought all the ballyhooing for snide shows was done by imitations of Charlie Chaplin."

These utterances would have been unintelligible to Gertrude save for the fact that the young lady from the east side was grinning and pointing at her derisively.

"Are you addressing them remarks to me?" she inquired acidly.

The young lady from the east side rolled her eyes. "I was all wrong, Louie!" she remarked to her amused escort. "It's little Hilda, the emigrant girl—if it ain't somebody posing for the films! Generally friends meet them when they land from the steerage and brings them a hat!"

## The Dower of Beauty

By Marie Montaigne

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## Cure for Pimples.

**A** CURIOUS thing about pimples is that doctors will treat patients for years for them and yet neglect to realize that since pimples are on the face the trouble must be local and that internal remedies are of little use except such as cool the blood and build up the general health.

Cure the trouble and pimples and blackheads disappear. One cure is bathing the scalp and face, and a lotion to apply for invigorating and restoring the diseased glands. The lotion is for the face, since the scalp treatment is a simple matter. As the disease comes from the scalp that must be cured. It must be washed with medicated water twice a week.

After an illness the face is subject to pimples. When the pustule is white, press a thin key over it. The contents, by some process of suction, will be drawn out. Apply an antiseptic to the pimple and treat it with antiseptic and emollient for a few days and it will disappear. Special lotions are prepared for pimples proceeding from different causes and of a different nature. Try them and see which you need, or describe your pimples to a doctor and get a prescription. Good physicians say that the skin should always be treated after an illness to preserve its beauty.

Don't use bichloride of mercury on the face, nor nitric acid. You may put your eyes out and ruin your skin.

Eat what agrees with you, clean out your pimples, use the treatment for eczema, and your pimples will get well. See a skin specialist if they do not yield to this treatment.

The wash and the lotion tone up the diseased glands and restore their activity. When the disease is permitted to progress women have had to resort to disfigurement, or face skinning, to renew the ruined complexion.

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## The Jarrs' Coney Island Outing

Involves a Battle of Amazons

day—and tore it to bits. The lady from the east side immediately closed in and the combat was on, to the great delight of the escort of the party of the first part.

A policeman was soon on the scene of combat and all might have ended without further casualties had not the east side young lady's escort taken umbrage at the policeman for "bawling out his goll." For the policeman sensed who was the original instigator of feminine militancy, and had brusquely reproved the young lady from the east side, and had even shoved her back. In the end, other policemen reached the scene and Gertrude with her tormentors was borne away, also a prisoner of war.

During all this Mr. and Mrs. Jarr, with their own and the neighbors' children, had been waiting at the wrong track of the terminal for Gertrude. And while that unfortunate belligerent was being taken to the police station, the Jarrs gave up their watching and waiting and at the

## So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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**S**AYS Sam the Superman: "The woman may grab the last word every time, but I'll be hogswabbed if she can claim the last

Enigmas of Existence: Fraternity pins. "Neapolitan" ice cream. Fatties on horseback in Park. Hominy grills. Alarm clocks.

We Move to Expunge: "The Comic Urge."

The funniest humbug he's met this year was an anaemic-looking, four-eyed young woman who

gravelly informed us that her thesis at her recent college examination was called "A Refutation of Darwin."

That cute gathering around the hips of a skirt is an appealing trick for well-proportioned women to play, but it's madness for the fat girls to try it.

Feminine Fatalities: "He may be a fat-head, as you vulgarly call him, but he knows how to treat a woman."

We suppose that, since the world's beginning, just about three men have been caught by their wives with some other woman's hair on their coats. But the older-than-Chaldean gag goes marching on.

The Domestic Amenities: HE: "You didn't have a rag to your back when I married you." SHE: "And now I'm all ragged!"

Matronly Myths: That because her husband once said to her, in 1875, that he liked her lemon meringue pie, she still is entitled to serve it on him three times a week.

Echoes of the Eons: "You just ought to see that husband of mine stand before the glass and primp!"

Another thing that convinces us of our ineradicable wrongness is that we never could see anything "adorable," as the novelists phrase it, about the freckles on a girl's nose.

Yet another method of making a gigantic hit with a magazine editor is to tell him blithely and haw-haw-ly, a while after he's fired back one of you, that you have some sprightly young purp who has only recently heard of the agreeable old aouse pull the quatrains on them as new stuff.

It's pretty sad for folks who get all through with their Omar Khayyam period a quarter of a century or so ago to have some sprightly young purp who has only recently heard of the agreeable old aouse pull the quatrains on them as new stuff.

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## Editorials by Women

## "WHAT THE (MALE) PUBLIC WANTS."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

**"M**ENTAL embellishment in woman regards only as a frame for the picture. He finds sufficient mental food and exercise in exchange of ideas and in controversy with one of his own sex. The average individual desires just enough mentality in a woman to appreciate his own. Mental equality chafes his ego."

If these conclusions, recently drawn by a writer on sex problems, are correct, there is just one answer to them: For his own good, man must be deprived of what he wants.

But of all the exasperating benedictions to which a woman of intelligence must listen, this is the worst: That "men don't like clever women." She knows it isn't true. She knows that the man of today—the man, not the college infant or the senescent satyr—is almost pathetically grateful for any signs of wit, intelligence, originality in women. She has watched the dawn of happy surprise break over him when she has voiced a carefully thought out conviction in place of the rubber stamp sex prejudice he expected from her. Likewise, she has watched his helpless struggles with the woman whose conversational equipment consists of a cotton-wool brain and a giggle.

Perhaps the fact that this woman is still in the majority is responsible for the industrious cultivation and dissemination of the belief that men prefer the society of women who are their mental inferiors. Of course, most men who can't get what they want take what they can get. But that doesn't make them WANT it. And they don't, the worth-while ones, want feminine fools.

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## NO. 47—THOSE OLD LUNES; by Gilmore Simms.

**A** RCHY DARGAN, homicidal maniac, had broken free from Hamilton Jail. The Sheriff of Hamilton, with a posse, was raking the countryside for him, and the reward for his return had excited the greed of every farmer for miles around.

Dargan was a dangerous man to have loose. In his lucid intervals he had excellent manners and appearance, but when the crazy fit was on him he sought to kill every one in his path. He already had three murders to his credit.

It was on the morning after Dargan's escape that young Will Blank cantered across country to call at Squire Owens's rambling old mansion. The squire had two exquisite daughters, Emmaline and Susannah, and Blank was in love with one of them. His only trouble was that he could not make up his mind which one of them he loved.

This old story is a masterpiece of the kind that, as he rode along, he laughed. A countryman who was jogging to market, just in front of him, turned at sound of the laugh and looked nervously at the young wooer. Blank saw that the fellow evidently thought him mad, per-

haps even suspected he was Dargan. Out of pure deviltry the youth set spurs to his horse and, with another loud laugh, galloped toward the countryman. The latter rode for his life to get away from the supposed madman.

Presently, Blank gave up the silly chase and continued his journey to the Owens house. There the fair twins greeted him cordially, and he once more was at a loss as to which of the two he really loved. He adored one of them. He was certain of that. But which?

Squire Owens came into the drawing-room at last, and with him was a handsome man of about thirty. Owens introduced the stranger as Col. Nelson, who had just called to see him in reference to buying several thousand acres of land for a country estate.

The squire had invited him to spend several days at the house, until the sale could be arranged.

The Colonel was so good looking and was evidently so rich that the pretty twins promptly made themselves as agreeable as possible to him. They quite neglected poor young Blank, who soon took his leave and rode away in a huff.

Blank had not ridden more than a few miles when half a dozen farmers sprang out from a wayside ambush and overpowered and bound him. They were greeted by the countryman whom he had feared that morning, and who now identified the vainly struggling Blank as Archy Dargan.

Despite Blank's wild protests, they lugged their captive off to the nearest village. There they threw him into a log pen and sent for the Sheriff of Hamilton. Crowds gathered around the pen to stare at the notorious maniac. Suddenly Blank started to his feet at sound of familiar voices. The Owens twins, escorted by Col. Nelson, were nearing the pen, having been driven by night of the crowd as they were riding by. In his stark despair, Blank broke into a hysterical laugh.

The effect of the laugh upon Col. Nelson was horrible. The Colonel's handsome face distorted. Rushing toward the pen he bellowed: "He laughs, does he? Let him out! You shall see what a madman he is! You shall see how I can manage him! I'll fight with him and laugh with him, too. I—"

Nelson's shouts were answered by some one pushed through the crowd and knocked him senseless. It was the Sheriff of Hamilton. Putting handcuffs on the unconscious Colonel, the Sheriff announced that this was the much-wanted Archy Dargan.

Blank was released from the pen, and stalked forth to an accompaniment of frightened apologies from his captors.

"Oh, Mr. Blank," gasped the amazed Owens twins. "I'm so very sorry!" But Blank was too angry to speak. He strode away without a word, followed by howls of crazy laughter from the fettered Dargan.

## Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

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**"N**O, we don't want to choose the place," even though it is our place," declared Ma firmly.

We were running along a portion of the countryside that abounded in inn and "Rest Retreats." Five of us were crowded into the tonneau—three on the seat, one on a cretonne covered canvas goods box and one on a camp stool that suffered from curvature of the spine.

In front, Mr. Thompson sat beside Pop, holding Mrs. Green's five-year-old son on his lap. Willie was a kid on whom three doctors had made forsworn with radical treatment for indigestion. St. Vitus's dance, which was really nothing more than exaggerated nervousness. Altogether the party was as comfortable as the man whose mosquito bite on the sole of his foot started to itch during the rush hour.

It was time to stop for luncheon if we intended eating at all. There was the usual back-sitting party, "You choose," "No, YOU choose!" &c., until Ma elected that our guests' choice would decide.

"That'll be fair, Mr. Mitt," exclaimed Mrs. Green ingeniously. "Whenever I've been out in other people's cars I've always picked the best place, so it's all the same to me." Muttered Pop indifferently. "I've sampled all the places out this way and they're pretty much alike. As long as you put it up to me I say let's turn in at the next one—The Lavender Lotus."

"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Green. "Don't let's go there! Once I went there with a party for lunch and poor old Charlie Howard took out his pocket microscope and discovered that the butter was clostridial, and Mr. Brown used Ma's

"Well, my choice seems to have failed. You will please me greatly if, as we pass these different places, you pick one that appears scientifically sanitary to you all. I'll stop wherever you tell me to."

About every quarter mile he'd grind his heel into the accelerator. The car would zip right up until the speedometer registered thirty-five miles. Everybody'd have to grab his hat and swallow a packet of pulverized macadam road—then suddenly we'd drop to eight miles.

Our guests thought it was one of Pop's little eccentricities. Ma knew it was venom that boiled over at stated intervals. At last Mr. Green shouted:

"Easy, there's that Little Dutch Bier Haus. The room is good and the beer is great. Let's go Pop."

"The idea of your showing your temper that way," censured Mr. who had lagged behind for that purpose. "Driving like an Indian one minute and crawling the next, just because you're mad."

"Pop? Ha, that's good!" roared Pop. "Mad your grandmother. I told 'em I'd stop any place they said, didn't I? Well, do you think I was going to take a chance on one of those robber caves where they soak you a dollar for a demi tasse with that mob to feed? No, I whizzed past the high priced joints in a cloud of dust, that's all!"

"Oh, you—you diplomat," gasped Ma.